

THE TIMES
EST. 1886

THE DISPATCH
EST. 1850

Richmond Times-Dispatch

Entered January 27, 1905, at the Post Office at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED every day in the year at 10 South Tenth street, Richmond, Va., by the Times-Dispatch Publishing Co., Inc., Charles E. Hasbrouck, Editor and Manager.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO The Times-Dispatch, and not to individuals.

TELEPHONE: Randolph 1. Private Branch Exchange connecting with all departments.

SPECIAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Hasbrouck, Store & Brooks, Inc., Fifth Avenue Building, New York; Mutual Life Building, Philadelphia; Peoples Gas Building, Chicago.

WASHINGTON OFFICE: 116 Fourteenth Street, N. W.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN ADVANCE, by mail: Daily and Sunday, one year, \$6.00; 6 months, \$3.00; 3 months, \$1.50; 1 month, 65 cents. Daily only, one year, \$1.00; 6 months, \$5.00; 3 months, \$2.50; 1 month, \$1.00. Sunday only, one year, \$2.00; 6 months, \$1.00; 3 months, 50 cents; 1 month, 25 cents. BY LOCAL CARRIER SERVICE: Daily with Sunday, 15 cents a week; Daily without Sunday, 10 cents a week; Sunday only, 5 cents.

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1915.

Assuring a Happy New Year

RICHMOND banks and industrial corporations made their stockholders a very handsome Christmas present this year—a bigger and better one, in fact, than the fortunate holders of these shares have ever received. The bank dividends alone exceed \$343,000, and the dividends of the railroads with headquarters here and of the industrial corporations whose home offices are in Richmond enormously increase this total. Disbursements of this type and amount reflect the healthful and prosperous condition of the city's commerce and trade. In a financial way, it seems already assured that Richmond will have a Happy New Year.

If the Germans get Egypt and hold it, they may be able to solve the riddle of the Sphinx.

Niagara Again Menaced

NEW YORK a legislative investigating committee is looking into the advisability of developing 2,000,000 more horse power of electrical energy at Niagara Falls. The meetings of the committee have been stormy, between the assertions of some men that unlimited power might be deducted from Niagara without injury and the dire predictions of others that the great falls are menaced by commercialism.

From time to time resolute efforts have been made to practice unlimited exploitation of Niagara. Sentiment, however, has opposed, and sentiment is right. It may be possible to pare off layers of waters without detracting from the glory of Niagara, but sooner or later the piling will cut too deep, and one of the most beautiful things in the entire world will be destroyed for the benefit of private parties. It is high time for the State of New York to take a resolute stand against the further diversion of the waters of the mighty cataract. Let us have our wonderful Niagara intact!

The old legal phrase, "Know all men by these presents," is particularly pat at Christmas time.

Lo, the Poor Motorist!

LIFE, the unhappy automobilist frequently is reminded, is just one thing after another. He can prove to any one who will consent to listen that he is taxed by a cruel and remorseless government out of all proportion to the value of his investment; he is required to obey various laws and ordinances, enacted by Legislature and City Councils that—according to him—do not know what they are enacting about; traffic policemen and motor bandits beset his path in life and make it miserable, and foolish pedestrians insist on cluttering up the wheels of his car.

Comes another blow out of the darkness of night. Gasoline charges, if it were all gas, and of the lightest character at that, and soars in price like an inflated balloon. It is a quarter a gallon now approximately, and nobody knows what it is going to be to-morrow. The jump in price is ascribed commonly to the European war. If the late General Sherman could hear the modern motorist describe that conflict, he would realize that his descriptive powers were pitifully inadequate.

The man who is hesitating as to whether he will straddle the water wagon or take his chances on a lamp post has a few days more to think it over.

The Yale-Harvard War Game

YALE and Harvard have long excelled at the military game of football. This great sport is essentially an exhibition of strategy and tactics, as well as of force personal combat, and probably no better training could be found for warriors than the gridiron.

The two universities are now to engage in mimic warfare on a large scale, if the suggestion of Brigadier-General William A. Pew is accepted. He urges that regiments of Yale students contend with regiments of Harvard lads in regular military maneuvers. The plan is at least interesting. It would obviate once and for all the objection of exclusiveness so often raised to college athletics. A battle between two armies of students must be fought out by average individuals, not gladiators. It would be college sport on the most spectacular scale. If the Yale-Harvard football game attracts 40,000 spectators, just how many lasses would flock to see a contest engaged in by several thousand students on each side?

Three o'clock in the morning of the New Year will be the hour for New Yorkers to get on the shutter and make resolutions for the remainder of the day. By starting in early in the evening of December 31, they can make up for the cut on time.

New Delicacy for the Table

THOSE who have bewailed the vanishing horse, honked and skidded out of modern life by the gas-veined automobile, may take heart again. The noble steed is coming into his own once more. Under a ruling made within the last few days, New York's Board of Health now permits the sale of horse meat for human consumption.

According to the report, the Health Department does not exactly recommend the eating of a galloped and worn Bucephalus, but it does assure those whose tastes incline

that way that there is no harm in eating it. Indeed, it adds a bit of relish to its announcement by the declaration that the horse has never suffered from tuberculosis, and does not communicate malignant diseases to human beings. In other words, those afraid of horses may comfort themselves with the thought that a horse cannot hurt them if he is inside them.

The phrase, "a lover of good horseflesh," now has two meanings.

The New Yorker Herald, a leading German newspaper, advises the Republican National Convention to nominate Justice Hughes. So does Colonel Roosevelt. It has been stated. How can any German suggest a proposition that is favored by a man, who is so thoroughly hated by Germans as is the Colonel?

German Currency Depreciated

THERE is not much mystery, after all, in the apparent ability of the German government to dispose of its bonds to its own people at a price that seems to approximate par. The truth is that these bonds are being paid for by subscribers in the heavily depreciated paper currency that Germany now is issuing, while they are redeemable in gold.

For many months it has been anathema in Germany to hoard gold, and holders have been encouraged by every means short of absolute compulsion to exchange it either for government bonds or for the various issues of paper currency, irredeemable until after the conclusion of the war. Last month renters of safety deposit boxes in the principal banks were all required to make an affidavit that they had no gold concealed in these vaults, the clear intimation being that all gold was to be turned over to the Treasury in exchange for paper.

The German mark on the New York and other central markets is now at a discount approximating 20 per cent. Within the limits of Germany it is forbidden, under heavy penalties, to exact or accept a premium for gold in exchange for paper, and a fictitious parity thus is maintained, but the real depreciation is reflected in part in the high cost of commodities, just as outside Germany it is reflected even more sensibly in the discount in mark exchange.

These considerations make it quite evident that German bonds are not actually being sold anywhere near par. The German government expects—and receives—for these bonds depreciated paper currency, and the real discount, therefore, is around 20 per cent.

It is another illustration of the falsity of the German economic theory, proclaimed so vehemently while the war has been in progress, that there is something actually healthy in an enforced commercial isolation. As long as that isolation continues and the German government continues to issue fiat money, that money and the exchange by which it is represented will show depreciation. As the war drags out its slow course, depreciation will become greater rather than less.

In Chicago the "New Year flow" will cease at 1 o'clock in the morning of the glad start of 1916. In New York the last drop will be downed at 3 A. M. But Chicago's capacity will be sufficient to make up the difference in time.

The Sympathy of Death

WAR, famine and disease are taking such a toll of death in Europe as has never been known before. War indeed is the great encourager of disease, and but for the skill with which German, French and British physicians are fighting the menace, all the plagues of Egypt might break out in the devastated fighting area.

Here in America we are at peace and enjoy plenty, but we are not free from danger. In such a carnival of death all the forces of evil in the whole world seem to grow strong as by a common sympathy. Malignant infections apparently are encouraged to strike at mankind with fresh courage. So it is significant to learn that la grippe is again virulent.

Grip is one of the strangest and most insidious of diseases. It came into this country in its recognized form, carrying death and dismemberment everywhere; then it settled down among us as a familiar, highly unpleasant and occasionally dangerous winter resident of our cities. For some years past it has been a menace as a weakener of the system rather than as a death producer in itself. This winter, however, finds grip epidemic in Pennsylvania and exceedingly dangerous. The malady will not remain in that State. It would be well, therefore, for all cities within easy reach of Philadelphia to take the most careful precautions to check the ravager at the threshold.

The sun has turned the corner and is coming back. This may cheer the Kaiser, whose ambition is to get in it.

F. W. Scarborough, Worker

ALL too often an inherited competence discourages its possessor from making any effort beyond that necessary to take care of it. Unfortunately, the average man of independent and unearned means feels that he is doing fairly well if he does not dissipate what he has, and, if he manages to increase it by intelligent investment, he is inclined to feel rather proud of himself.

F. W. Scarborough, whose death on Friday causes a loss, not only to his many personal friends, but to the community in which a good part of his life was spent, was a striking example of the uncommon. Though he had every encouragement to be idle that is generally lent by pecuniary good fortune, he worked hard; though his disposition and character were such as to attract and firmly hold warm friends, he followed assiduously an exacting profession, and, though the calls on his time made by his liking for companionship and by his companions' liking for him were great, he showed such industry and high ability that he became, as a very young man, one of the leaders of that profession.

And it all goes to show, after all, that it is the man and his mind that count, not the surrounding circumstances or conditions.

No other President besides Wilson ever had the job of keeping tab on the affairs of his own government and playing cards with shrewd and designing foreign diplomats and honeymooning, all at the same time. It is nothing about which one should try to be facetious, and the combination is one that few would undertake.

It is Japan's turn to send a note. The submerging of the Yatsuka may cause her to come across, and the Japanese navy does things.

Still, horse steak in Gotham may be an improvement on some of the leather that is served as beef.

SEEN ON THE SIDE

Not in Mad Haste.

Perhaps you heard on Christmas Eve, When fairies you to sleep were rocking, A noise so soft you'd not believe— It was in truth old Santa knocking— Yet he had come his spells to weave And fill with toys your Christmas stocking.

So come, dear child, life's rarest joys And richest gifts it has to shower, Not in mad haste that peace destroys, But in some quiet, restful hour, Like that when Santa brought your toys And you were sleeping in your bowers.

The Pessimist Says:

I wonder if any of us will feel happier the day after Christmas of next year, when the prohibition law has gone into effect.

Town Talk, After the Openings.

She: Just what I wanted—I'll exchange it for something more suitable—it fits to a T—I didn't expect it—They are not long enough—They are too long—Best ever—Isn't he lovely—What a dear—I wonder what he paid for it—It doesn't do him justice—he doesn't look it.

He: Oh, yes—The ties are not my complexion—But I don't wear suspenders—The bathrobe is too long—Nice book, but he's not my author—I don't use safety pins—The bottle is all right, all right—And the cigars, well, I don't smoke—They'll do for company—That's what they are for.

This Had Quite a Run.

Recurring to jokes that were, do you remember the funny landlord who hung up this card in his rooms: "If You Are Fond of Athletics and Leaping, Lift the Mattress and See the Bed Spring."

Centralized.

Grubbs—Do you think Congressman Hammett is able always to reconcile duty with performance?

Stubbs—Easily. You see the Congressman is profoundly convinced that anything that is good for him is good for the country.

Poor Daddy.

"Hubby, I wish you wouldn't use slang when speaking to Bobby."

"I never do."

"Yes, you do. You gave him a drum and told him to beat it."

"Well, you are like the others of your sex, inconsistent. That's what you told me to do with the rug when I took it out."

Skaggs Says:

The only thing a mean man won't take is a hint.

Some folks are born lucky and some marry for luck. If you think you are in the former classification, there is no reason why you should take any chances by changing it.

Take of the Chestnuts.

Speaking of jokes that were, do you remember this notice that a funny hotel man put up over the beds of his house: "If the room gets too hot, open the window and see the fire escape." And this one: "Guests who wish for a drive by applying to the clerk will be furnished with hammers and nails."

Twisted Proverbs.

The graffer pulls your leg and the dentist pulls your tooth. Either gives the victim pain. A woman who is lost hesitates. So does a man.

It takes a good artist to be able to draw a clock that will be honored.

The man who is at sea wants the earth.

One swallow doesn't make a summer, but it's mighty handy in stopping a thirst.

It's a bit if the miss is pretty.

Fixing the Baby's Sex.

A bishop in the western part of the State is pretty foxy. He met one of his parishioners whom he married a year before. She had her baby with her. The bishop asked: "Is this your youngest?"

But the young mother was also cute. She replied: "It is," of course, the bishop was not to be outdone, so he asked: "What's the name?"

"Guess," replied the young mother.

"Ah, madam," said the bishop, "a guess is a chance, and one of my profession must take no chances." When the child was christened the bishop found out what he wanted to know.

Shakespeare for Everybody.

For the man who wants to do right:

"This above all to thine own self be true; And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

—Hamlet, I, 3.

For the Christian: "Love and meekness, lord, become a churchman better than ambition; win straying souls with modesty again, cast none away."—Henry VIII., v, 2.

All the News That's Fit to Print.

Mr. Elmer Dillon has a new bolt at his home. It is on his wife's arm.—Ironton Irontonian.

Deductions.

Full many friends Has Hiram Grow: He never asks: "I told you so."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

And well beloved Is Rachel Root; She never says: "Oh, ain't that cute?"

—Macon Telegraph.

Likewise esteemed Is Silas Bean; Who never asks: "See what I mean?"

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shore or in the mountains, this State offers the pick of the best association meeting places in the United States. The lawyers who make their bread and butter in North Carolina should spend their money for North Carolina bread and butter.

Some things are liable to shrinkage "down home." For instance, the Concord Chronicle says: "My actual count there are 1,000 applicants for assistant postmaster in Concord. The civil service law will reduce the number considerably."

The sportsmen are having great times in Granville County, if the Oxford Public Ledger is to be believed. It says: "The local sports report game plentiful in many parts of the county. A couple of dozen birds is considered to be an afternoon's work."

The Black Mountain News says: "News comes from Mt. Mitchell that there is a twelve to fourteen-inch snow in that region. For the time being it seems that all logging operations up there have been shut down because of the extremely bitter weather. The Band Mill also had to stop running on account of a shortage of logs."

The Mt. Olive Tribune makes this record: "Shipments of holly from here and other points, especially between here and Wilmington, to Northern markets are going forward daily now, several carloads daily leaving some of the stations. Notwithstanding the fact that the yield this year is said to be not so very heavy, the price being paid is nothing extra."

It would be unsafe to be a deer in some parts of North Carolina, if this story from the Troy Monticommie is to be relied upon. That paper says: "Messrs. J. A. McAulay and Bob Gaddy, of Mt. Gilend, went on a big hunting tour in Bladen County last week and reported that thirty-one deer were killed by the hunters, beside the other game. They brought some venison back with them, and we saw Mr. Gaddy with a foot."

Chats With Virginia Editors

"Sir John French," thinks the Roanoke Times, "should be able to draw big money if he would come over to this country and go into Gauleville. That is, everywhere except in Milwaukee, Cincinnati and St. Louis." And perhaps there are some parts of Chesterfield County, Va., in the which he had better not land.

The Judge of Chicago's Court of Domestic Relations officially announces that hereafter he will perform marriage ceremonies only in cases where the contracting parties prove themselves mentally competent. But would parties mentally competent wish to contract marital relations? Norfolk Virginian-Pilot. Outside of Norfolk and beyond the jurisdiction of Chicago courts of domestic relations, yes.

It may be said in Dr. Brooker's favor that he was far-sighted enough to know when the going was good.—Chase City Progress. And when he discovered the right route he went.

"Lynchburg also has a water question, keeping company with Norfolk," observes the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, and adds: "If misery indeed loves company, Lynchburg and Norfolk can hopefully look forward to November, 1916, when all the cities of the State will join them." Richmond and Petersburg will, of course, be right with you, and so also will be Danville and Staunton and some other already alleged dry towns.

Some papers are referring to the "Simple wedding" as if they expected the President to be married at some pure-food exhibit or in a ballroom at a country fair.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch. The esteemed Ledger-Dispatch seems to be getting in its latest returns from the rural press.

The Night After Christmas.

(Written by the late Dr. Robert Archer, of Richmond, for his grandchildren.)

'Twas the night after Christmas, and all through the town

The nurses were running—some up and some down;

The doctor was wanted, for plague-on old Nick,

His visit had made all the little ones sick;

His cakes were so nice, and his pies were so sweet,

That from morning till night they did nothing but eat.

Their hearts were all light, and they peeped out of their eyes,

Their stomachs were tight, and they chock full of mince pies!

They were merry as larks, had no care for to-morrow,

Unmindful that joy is soon followed by sorrow,

The lights were all out, and the blinds were all closed;

Papa and mamma in deep slumber reposed;

The cat on the hearth rug was licking her paws, And seemed to be thinking of old Santa Claus;

The fire in the chimney burned cheerful and bright,

And the frost on the panes shone like crystals of light;

The teakettle, bubbling before the warm blaze, Was singing the dirge of once happier days;

The clock on the mantel had just sounded one, And announced that another new day had begun;

When, hark! from the nursery, a solo of moans;

Then a duet of sobs, with a chorus of groans, Broken in on the stillness and silence of night,

And threw the whole house in commotion and fright.

The mother's quick ear first encountered the sound;

She sprang up in bed, and sprang out with a bound;

But papa had oft witnessed such tumults before, And the louder the groans, why the louder he'd snore,

And, oh! such a sight was ne'er witnessed before—

The children were rolling about on the floor, The bedclothes were ruined, the carpet was spoiled,

And their pretty nightdresses were rumpled and soiled;

The nurse, all bewildered, was fretting and grieving;

The children, in concert, were retching and heaving;

They kicked, and they twisted, and they squirmed all about—

She was sure that their bowels were turned inside out.

"Oh, how sick! I shall die of this pain!"

"I'll never touch Santa Claus's candy again,"

Poor ma, in a flutter, threw up her eyes;

Little Bob, with a splutter, threw up his mince pie;

And St. Nick, who was peeping, cried out with a titter:

"To every sweet there's a drop that is bitter;"

"But cheer up, my children, you'll soon be all right."

And, cracking his whip, he was soon out of sight.

The crying was over, and all went to bed;

Sweet slumber soon fell upon each dizzy head;

The lifeblood again freely coursed in their veins, And dreams of St. Nicholas danced through their brains.

With a smile they awoke, from their visions of bliss,

As mamma on each rosy lips planted a kiss;

And they vowed that, in spite of all sickness, And pain

They'd hang up their stockings next Christmas again.

ONE MORE BEAD; OR, THE STRING WITHOUT END



This picture and the editorial are chiefly for the young men and women.